

Light Sleeper

by Bad Apple

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Summary: Hairspray...Little did Seaweed know, Tracy was a very light sleeper. Treeweed

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Seaweed couldn't help it. It was an addiction; he couldn't stop it, as much as he had tried. He had a girlfriend, for God's sake. But if he didn't touch her, if he didn't hold her, he felt like he was going to explode.

No one knew that he was in love with Tracy Turnblad. Tracy didn't even know that he was in love with her. And he was going to make sure he kept it that way. During the day, whenever the four of themâ€"Link, Tracy, Penny, and Seaweedâ€"would go out together, Seaweed barely looked at the plump girl. He managed to make some small talk with her, but he never, ever looked her in the eyes. He was afraid of what would happen if he looked her in the eyes.

He knew that watching her while she slept was wrong and pathetic on hundreds of different levels, but he couldn't help it. Every night, while the rest of Baltimore was asleep, Seaweed would 'borrow' his mother's car and drive down to the Turnblad's house. He'd plaster his face against the cool glass of Tracy's bedroom window and watch her. Watch her chest rise and fall as she breathed, watch her clutch her blankets close to her body, that body that he had dreamt about grasping close to his so many times.

Tonight was no different, and he was once again kneeling against her window, praying that her neighbors wouldn't see him and call the cops. Every time he saw her, his heart soared. He wanted her all to himself; it wasn't something he could explain, but it was the way it was. When those thoughts of her trailing kisses down his neck entered

his mind, he tried his best to shake them. Penny was his; she was so beautiful, and smart, and sweet. That's who he should've been thinking of. That's who he should've been planning a future with, not Tracy.

He told himself this, time and time again, and yet he found himself opening her window. Gently, so as not to make a sound, he lifted the pane. He paused, staring at Tracy for any signs of moving. She stayed still, and ever so slowly, Seaweed crawled through the narrow space into her room. It was first time he had ever been in there, and Seaweed felt excited. From what he had heard from Penny, Link hadn't even been in Tracy's bedroom before.

Seaweed shook the thought of Link Larkin from his mind as he looked over at Tracy. He could hear her soft sighs, and his knees grew weak. As if they were on autopilot, his legs carried him over to her bed, and he sat on its edge softly, slowly. He reached out to touch her shoulder, and felt himself shaking. Seaweed never shook. He was always smooth and charismatic, never nervous. But that's how he was around Tracy.

She was always so kind to him, even before integration was becoming more widespread. Tracy was the first white person that had spoken to him like he mattered; hell, she was the only girl to ever speak to him like he mattered. Sure, he'd had girlfriends before, plenty of them. But Tracy was the only person he'd ever felt like someone with.

Oh God, he wanted to kiss her. He wanted to kiss her more than anything, but he couldn't. Not unless he wanted to ruin everything. But he just couldn't resist his feelings anymore. He couldn't keep living like this; pretending to be happy when he was really dying inside. Seaweed leant down so that his face was inches away from hers. He could hear Tracy breathing, and it sounded as if she were keeping in sync with a slow, rhythmic beat. When he just couldn't take it any longer, Seaweed closed the gap between them and lightly traced her lips with his own and felt his heart speed up. He wanted to deepen the kiss, but knew she would wake up. And he couldn't let that happen.

Seaweed brought his head back up, and he felt light-headed. Kissing her was so much sweeter than it ever had been with Penny. He looked down at her; she didn't seem to have noticed that moments ago, she had made Seaweed happier than he had been in months. He knew that it wasn't fair what he was doing; she wasn't even awake, and yet he had kissed her. But he didn't feel as guilty about it as he should have. When he slipped back out the window, he promised himself that he'd come back the next night. Maybe then he'd have the courage to tell her how he felt, and he prayed she wouldn't find out before he was ready to let her know.

Little did Seaweed know, Tracy was a very light sleeper.

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Yeah...it's something new, but I hope you like it.

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